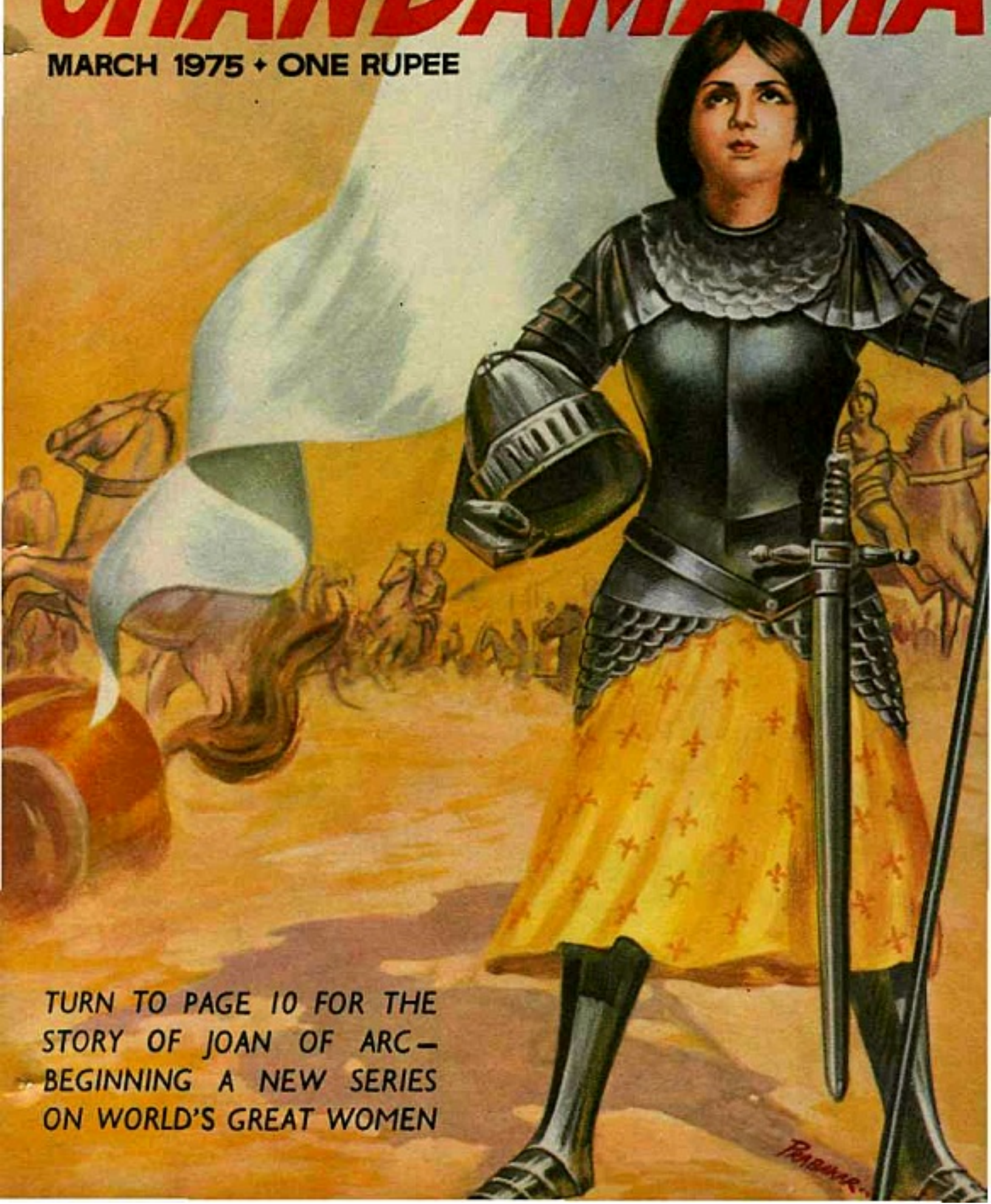


CHANDAMAMA

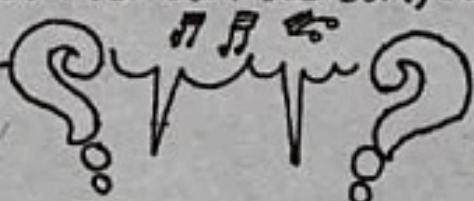
MARCH 1975 + ONE RUPEE



TURN TO PAGE 10 FOR THE
STORY OF JOAN OF ARC—
BEGINNING A NEW SERIES
ON WORLD'S GREAT WOMEN

FUN & GAMES WITH THE FORHAN'S RIDDLE TWINS

PUZZLES FOR FUN ARE OUR GAME
RIDDLE IS OUR MIDDLE NAME
WE'RE THE **FORHAN'S** RIDDLE TWINS
DEE-DUM-DEE-DUM-DEE-DUM, DUM



TRY THIS FOR A START.
GIRLS HAVE BEEN IN
CRICKET FROM THE
TIME OF THE FIRST
WICKET?

THAT'S
EASY.
MAIDENS.

RIGHT. ALSO,
BELLES.
B-A-I-L-S.
HA, HA, HA!

CHEATER! NOW,
ANSWER THIS ONE.
BOYS AND GIRLS EACH
HAVE TWO PARENTS. AND,
HOW MANY
GREAT-GRAND-
PARENTS?

FOUR!

NO, EIGHT. I SAID GREAT-
GRAND-PARENTS. HERE'S
A SIMPLE ONE. IN A GAME
OF PING-PONG, I HAVE
20 POINTS. YOU HAVE 12.
HOW MANY MORE MUST
YOU MAKE
CONTINUOUSLY TO WIN?

TEN!
AND IN WHICH
GAME DO 'ADDERS'
TAKE YOU DOWN?

GIVE UP!
WHICH?

SNAKES AND LADDERS,
SILLY! 'ADDERS' ARE A
TYPE OF SNAKE,
REMEMBER? NOW TELL
ME, WHAT HAS GOT TEETH
BUT DOES NOT BITE?

SIMPLE. A COMB! ITS
TEETH DO NOT NEED
FORHAN'S
TOOTHPASTE. BUT
OUR'S DO.

GOOD NIGHT. BRUSH YOUR TEETH
WITH **FORHAN'S** AND SLEEP TIGHT.



Forhan's

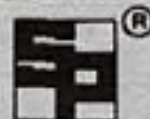
the toothpaste
created by
a dentist



HT-HSI 8124 R

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B. VISWANATHA REDDI
Signature of the Publisher

1st March 1975

"There will never be a generation of great men until there has been a generation of free women—of free mothers," said the American statesman, Robert Ingersoll.

But although man has advanced far in many directions, in some respects he is not as advanced as he ought to have been. One area of life where man continues to be rather orthodox is his attitude to women. That is what made the United Nations resolve to dedicate the year 1975 to focus humanity's attention on the condition of women all over the world. Is there a country where women are still not eligible to vote? Is there a community where women are treated almost as slaves? If yes, it is high time the world corrected itself.

The ancient Indian civilisation gave a high place to women. The equality of men and women is symbolically stressed in the Matsya Purana where Savitri, the primal deity, is shown getting divided into two parts—man and woman. When we come to the legend of the other Savitri, the daughter of King Aswapathy, we see how she travels across distant lands for choosing a husband for herself—a proof of the vast freedom women then enjoyed.

Great has been the contribution of women to the advancement of civilisation through the ages. Beginning with "Joan of Arc" in this issue, we will present the story of a remarkable woman each month, till the end of 1975, to mark the International Women's Year.



A YEAR'S EARNING

In olden days there was a merchant in Turkey named Abdul Hamid. He possessed an excellent Arab horse. He loved the horse very much, but being old he was no more able to ride it. He announced that he would sell it for three hundred mohurs. But nobody came forward to pay such a high price.

One day a young man named Ajij met Abdul Hamid and said, "Sir! I come of an aristocratic family, but we have fallen into bad days. If you give me your horse, I will go into some distant land and try my luck. I will return after a year and give you the price for the horse."

"Do you promise to give me whatever you earn during the year?" asked Abdul Hamid.

Ajij thought a little and replied, "All right, sir, I promise to do so, on word of honour."

The old man handed over his horse to Ajij and looked on as he galloped away.

Some months later Ajij wandered into a far away kingdom and was passing by the Sultan's palace. The Sultan who saw him took an instant fancy for the horse. He sent for Ajij.

When Ajij was ushered in to his presence, the Sultan said, "I like your horse very much. I will be thankful to you if you sell it to me."

Ajij did not wish to part with the horse. But he did not dare to say no to the Sultan. He kept quiet.

"What is the price that would

please you?" the Sultan demanded to know.

Ajij decided to quote a high price and replied, "Nine hundred mohurs!"

Now it was the Sultan's turn to keep quiet. After some time he said, "You demand a very high price. Let me think about it. Meet me tomorrow. I will tell you my decision."

After Ajij left, the Sultan called his minister and told him all about it.

"The young man should have presented the horse to you. Instead he has the cheek to demand nine hundred mohurs! We must teach him a lesson," said the naughty minister. Then he proposed this scheme to the Sultan: "Let the princess remain sitting in the garden tomorrow. When the young man would come to meet you through the garden, let her talk to him affectionately. Then let her express a desire to sit on the horse. As soon as the young man would allow that, let her cry out that he was trying to kidnap her. Then we would rush there and arrest the young man and throw him into our jail and forfeit his horse!"

The Sultan liked the scheme



very much. In the morning he briefed his daughter about her role and bade her to sit in the garden.

When the princess saw Ajij coming, she felt extremely sad for him. She hated to be instrumental in punishing the innocent young man. In fact, she had for long felt disgusted with her greedy father and the wicked minister.

When Ajij was passing by her, she greeted him and going near him, whispered, "Your life is in danger. But do not be afraid. You can escape and if you allow, I too can escape with you. I have a coat with a

thousand gold mohurs hidden inside it. You loudly ask for a glass of water. While going to fetch it, I will fetch my coat too. Then we can escape."

Ajij believed the princess. He said loudly, "Can you give me a glass of water?" The princess went in and returned with the water and her coat. Then she jumped on to the horse and Ajij whipped the horse and sped up.

For a few minutes the Sultan and the minister thought that the princess was enacting a part of the plot they had designed. But when the princess did not cry out as expected and the horse never stopped, the Sultan

ordered his soldiers to pursue them. But it was in vain. Ajij and the princess soon disappeared.

The two wandered through several lands. But when the year was about to be complete, Ajij looked grave and pensive.

"What is the matter? Why are you growing gloomy day by day?" asked the princess.

Ajij told her, "My heart breaks to inform you that I cannot keep you as mine any more. I had promised to Abdul Hamid that whatever I earn within a year would be his. I have to surrender you as well as the coat with the thousand gold mohurs."





"You cannot do that. I have left my palace and parents for your sake, not for anything else!" cried the princess.

"True. But I must be true to my promise!" insisted Aji and when full twelve months passed, he led the princess to Abdul Hamid's house and pointing at her and the coat, said, "This is all I have earned

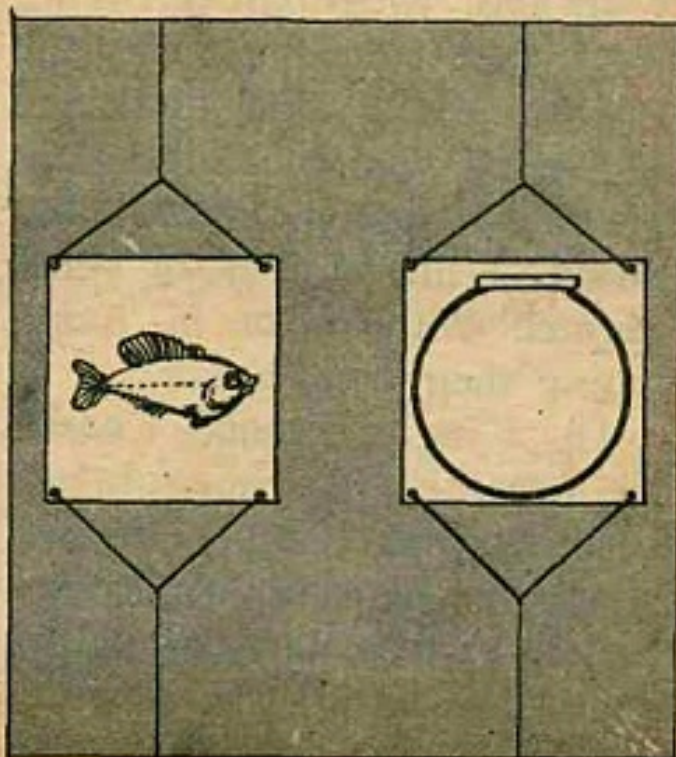
during the year. Accept them now!"

Abdul Hamid heard Aji's adventures and said "Excellent. I accept the princess as my daughter and then give her to you as your wife. The coat, the mohurs and the horse are the gifts which go with my daughter. All right? Go and live happily. God bless you."

FUN WITH SCIENCE

Here's a home 'movie' to make yourself. It will show you how separate pictures are joined by movement, as, in fact, they are on the cinema screen. Attach pairs of Y-shaped strings to opposite edges of a 2" x 3" card. Draw a goldfish on one side and a bowl on the other. By twirling the card, the fish will enter the bowl.

We get this illusion because anything we see lingers upon the retina of our eyes. Therefore, overlapping images are seen as a single picture.



JOAN OF ARC

"If we run through all the great names of the world, and think of all the great things men have ever done, we shall find nothing to stir the human heart like the story of Joan...It is the most unbelievable thing in history—the greatest story, the most thrilling adventure, the most pathetic tragedy, and the most incredible fact in the story of a thousand years of Europe, and every word of it is true," says an English writer, Arthur Mee.

This incredible episode took place in France—five hundred years ago. Most part of France was then occupied by the English army. The noblemen of France, who controlled their country's destiny, were either afraid of the English, or collaborated with them in humiliating their own country.

The King of France, Charles the Seventh, who had not yet been crowned simply because nobody bothered about his coronation, was a coward and a stupid fellow. He was surrounded by a group of bullies and

good-for-nothing men and women who exploited him and mocked at him.

In other words, it was the darkest hour in the history of France when the whole nation seemed to have been deprived of even the slightest sense of self-respect.

Then comes the most fantastic part of the story. From a small village named Domremy, in a remote frontier of France, came a sixteen year old girl—an illiterate daughter of a poor peasant, and she announced that she had been instructed by God to deliver France from foreign tyranny and to pull the hapless prince out of his hiding and to crown him as the king!

It is not difficult to imagine what should be the reaction of the people to such a claim by a rustic girl. She would naturally be called mad! And no doubt people called her so. But not for long. There was something strange in her voice—which at once convinced her

listeners that she spoke nothing but the truth. There was something divine in her look which at once inspired a flame of courage even in the dullest heart.

Joan went to the nearest officer and asked him to provide her with escorts, for she must meet the king! The officer was first dismayed, then he looked puzzled. But ultimately he yielded.

Joan appeared before the king while the courtiers laughed at her. But she whispered to the king something which instantly changed his mocking mood into a most serious one. Nobody knows what Joan told him. Soon Joan won the hearts of all the able commanders of France. So far as the common soldiers were concerned, they came to look upon her as an angel. She was called Joan the Maid.

Clad in white, riding a horse, Joan, followed by the French army, stormed into the English strongholds. "You have no business to be here on the soil of France. God has given you a country of your own. Go back there!" This was her command to the English. And the English dispersed before her like dry leaves in a hurricane.

There wasn't a single battle in which Joan did not win. After a series of victories, she arranged for the king to be duly crowned. In a few short months she gave her motherland freedom, revived in the people the lost sense of patriotism, and gave the country a legitimate king!

But gratitude, indeed, is a rare virtue. As soon as the



forlorn king had got back his dignity and authority, he betrayed Joan. At the king's hint the army deserted her. She was sad, but she knew

that her mission had come to an end. In fact, she had predicted beforehand that she would live only a year more.

In the meanwhile the religious heads of her country had grown terribly jealous and afraid of her. According to the Church, nobody could have any communion with God except through the agency of the Church! Joan said that she saw the vision of the saints and heard their voices! It was heresy! She must be a witch!

The nobility of the country had become extremely intolerant of her. They wanted luxury, fun and sport. The presence of Joan made them uneasy, for she always spoke of truth, God and such great things.

All conspired against her. Shame of shames—her own countrymen handed her over to the English, the enemy. She was thrown into a dungeon, her hands and legs in shackles and some brutes cutting jokes at her constantly. But nothing could disturb her equanimity.

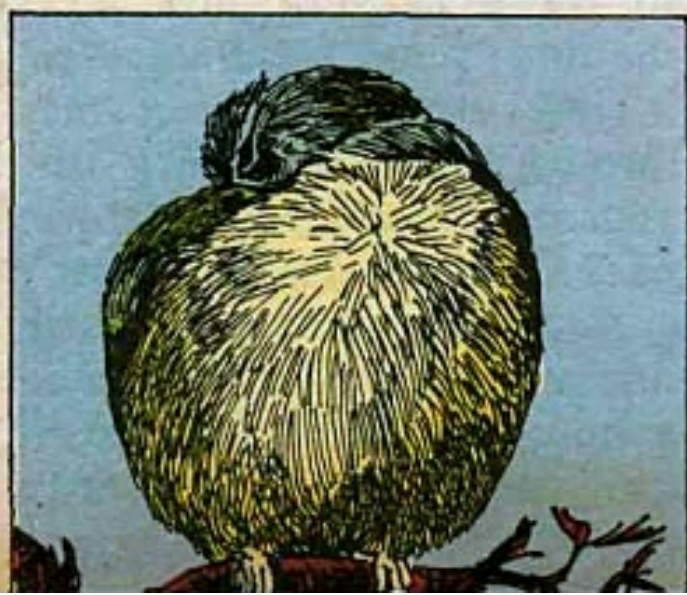
She was tried by a panel of clever men claiming to have the licence from God to be cruel towards her. They were her countrymen appointed by



the English. The farce went on for three months. Joan refused to admit that she had done anything wrong. "My voices were of God!" she insisted and they were even her last words when her judges put her on a platform and lit fire to burn her.

So Joan the deliverer was burnt alive by people whom she had delivered. But she bore with it, for she knew how ignorant the people were. Her tragedy is one of the saddest comments on human nature. But her character is among the brightest and most precious possessions of humanity.

The truth makes itself felt in due course. After a few years all repented for their treatment of Joan. The Pope declared that she was a saint. Since then innumerable memorials have been built to her; her glory is sung in numerous verses.



HOW DOES A BIRD STAY ON ITS PERCH WHEN ASLEEP ?

Wonderful Nature has arranged for all creatures to have their own way of sleeping. As we know, cats and dogs rest in much the same way as we do; a horse may sleep while standing up-right, but a bird seems to be in danger of falling from its perch. It rests safely because when settling on the perch the claws take a firm grip.



MAN'S WORTH

Hundreds of years ago a rich man named Kubo lived in a certain small town in China. He had inherited from his father the business of money-lending and had prospered even more. Merchants borrowed money from him and paid him good interest.

A merchant named Chung had borrowed a lakh of rupees from Kubo. Chung then shifted his business to the capital of the land. Time passed. Chung did not come to repay his debt.

Kubo had a desire to see the capital city. He left his old mother, younger brother and sister in charge of a servant and sailed for the city, carrying a

large amount of money with himself.

In the city it was not difficult for Kubo to locate Chung's house, for Chung had become a famous man. Chung received Kubo with due honour and said, "I am sorry I have failed to return your money so long. It was because I was too busy to travel to your town. On the other hand I did not think it safe to send the money through a servant. Now that you are here, I will give you back your money with interest."

And Chung lost no time in doing as he said. Kubo hired a house and lived luxuriously, experiencing all the enjoyments the city could provide. Soon a

number of vagabonds and flatterers gathered around him and Kubo entertained them lavishly.

Three years passed and Kubo now thought of returning home. But his plan was upset. There was a civil war in the land. It was unsafe to travel with all his wealth. So Kubo was obliged to continue in the city.

He heard that the Government was selling high positions in consideration for money. In fact, because of the civil war, the Government had gone bankrupt. This was a way of raising funds.

Kubo had never read in a school. He did not deserve even a small position so far as

qualification was concerned. But now that positions could be purchased, he was eager to buy one.

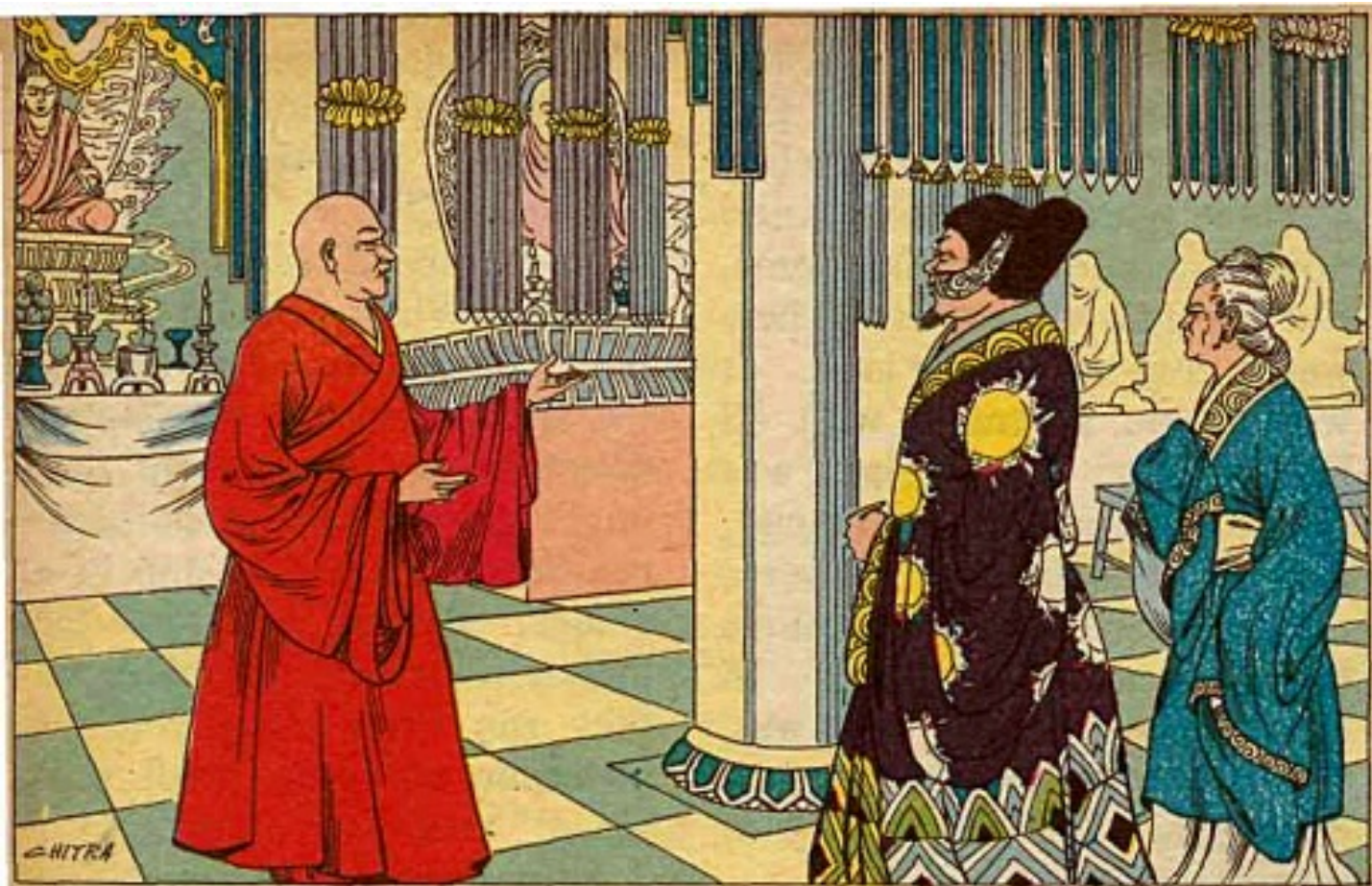
"I can spend several lakhs of rupees. What position can I buy?" he enquired of his friends.

"If you surrender the amount directly to the Government, they might give you an insignificant position like the chiefship of a village. But if you use the money in bribing the ministers, they can even make you the governor of some small province!" said the friends.

Kubo was growing more and more greedy for a position. But he asked Chung for advice.

"Well, the money you have





is sufficient to buy a governorship. But it would not be of much use. As soon as you have settled in your new position, the Government might remove you under some pretext or the other," said Chung.

"That does not matter," said Kubo, "For all I want is some prestige. Since I have enough money and since prestige is available for money, why should I not buy it? If I am removed from my position, still I will be known as an ex-governor!"

"Do as you please!" murmured Chung. Soon Kubo was appointed the governor of a distant province. His joys knew no bound.

He took leave of all his friends and sailed for home. But he was stunned to see his native town clean vanished! A flood had levelled the houses. Besides, the town had been attacked by some foreign invaders who had killed many people and had carried away others as slaves. Kubo's brother and sister had been taken away by them.

Kubo, however, could find his old mother living in a small hut. She wept when she saw her son. "I was fast dying, waiting for you in vain!" she said.

"Do not grieve, mother, we can now live happily. I am a

governor now. Come, let us proceed to my new place of work," proposed Kubo.

The old lady was delighted.

Both boarded Kubo's well-furnished boat and reached the new place after a few days. There was a monastery on the river-bank. When the monk heard about the arrival of the new governor, he came forward to warmly receive Kubo and his mother.

They spent the day in the monastery. Since the outgoing governor had not yet vacated the palace, Kubo and his mother decided to spend the night in their boat.

At night came a terrible

storm. A big banyan tree fell on the boat and sunk it. Kubo and his mother luckily escaped.

They hurried to the monastery. But the doors were shut. They banged and shouted, but to no avail. They had to suffer the storm for the rest of the night.

The monastery opened in the morning. Only then they could find shelter. But the storm proved too much for Kubo's mother. She fell ill and died before long. The monk and some influential men of the town helped Kubo to perform the funeral rites for his mother.

But a fresh problem came on Kubo's way to the governor-





ship. According to the Chinese tradition, one could not occupy a new position until three years after one's mother's death. When the monk woke up to this fact, he politely asked Kubo to leave the monastery!

Kubo had lost not only all his wealth along with the boat, but also the letter of appointment to his new post. The influential men of the town too did not care to show him any hospitality now that there was no chance of his becoming the governor. Kubo went to the nearest port and requested an officer to give him some work

in a ship. The request was granted. He worked hard and learnt many new things through work. His honesty and sincerity earned him prosperity. Soon he had a boat of his own.

When three years passed and his claim to the governorship was revived, the monk and the rich men of the town began to show him false respect again.

But Kubo did not go to occupy the position. "That is meaningless," he said, "I am what I have been through hard labour. That is my real worth. I am not interested in false prestige any more."

We just heard about a little boy who said his teacher, "I ain't got no pencil."

She corrected him at once: "It's 'I don't have a pencil.' 'You don't have a pencil.' 'We don't have any pencils.' 'They don't have any pencils.' Is that clear?"

"No," said the bewildered child. "What happened to all them pencils?"



Ursi, the charming young king of Chitore, was once hunting inside a forest. He was accompanied by some gay young noblemen.

While wandering merrily, killing rabbits and birds, the king suddenly spied upon a beautiful antelope. He pursued it and was about to shoot his arrow at it when he heard a sweet but commanding voice, "Stop!"



The command came from a sweet bright girl. "This is the area of our goddess. It is forbidden to hunt here," she said. "Who are you?" asked the surprised king and learnt that she was the daughter of the tribal chieftain.



The king's companions got furious with the girl. "We must kill the deer. It is our right. It is, after all, the king's forest!" The girl laughed and said, "Will you? Then why don't you kill it?" But the deer had escaped. The young men felt humiliated.

The young king, however, felt captivated by the charm, courage and simplicity of the girl. He looked on wistfully as she disappeared.



The king instructed his companions to find out the chieftain and to ask him to report at the court as soon as possible. Everybody thought that the old chieftain would be punished for his daughter's audacity.

The old chieftain duly presented himself at the court. The king received him with honour and proposed to marry his daughter. But, to everybody's surprise, the chieftain turned down the proposal. "I am not your equal. You will always expect my daughter to be your slave," he said.



The king was extremely sad, but he did not utter a word. But the ministers decided to teach a lesson to the old chieftain who had the cheek to refuse to marry his daughter to the king!

The ministers set some hooligans to harass the chieftain. They troubled the chieftain in many ways, but he was not cowed down. At last they set fire to his cottage.





Not only that, one day they surrounded the chieftain's family and tried to take them captive. But the king intervened in time and saved them and apologised to them. "You can live fearlessly wherever you like," he said.

But the chieftain replied, "It would have been better if they would have killed us. Now that you have saved us, you will perhaps expect us to bow down to your wishes. But that is not to be!"



A year passed. The young king tried his best to forget the maid of the wild. But he could not. Once again when he was on a hunting expedition, there was a storm and he was separated from his companions.

The horse, scared by a thunder-clap, threw off the king and at once a wild boar charged at him. They wrestled ferociously, but it seemed the boar would soon kill the king.



Then flashing came a spear and it pierced the boar to death. It had been thrown at the beast with great accuracy by the chieftain's daughter, the maid of the wild.

"You have given me my life. How would I ever be able to pay back the debt?" said the grateful king to the blushing maid.

Soon there appeared the chieftain. He said, "O king! Now that my daughter has been the saviour of your life, you cannot look upon her as your slave. Hence, I have no objection to your marrying her!" With great pomp and show the young king was married to the maid.





GRATITUDE

Poor Sivaram had a daughter. He was looking for a good bridegroom. But he had no money that would be needed to celebrate a marriage. He was an employee with a small salary at the office of Nandalal, the merchant.

Sivaram's father had been the richest man in the village during his time. But he was an extremely generous man. He had spent everything helping others leaving hardly anything for Sivaram. Even Nandalal, the merchant, had prospered on account of the patronage he had received from Sivaram's father.

Sivaram chose a young man of the neighbouring village for

his son-in-law. But the bridegroom's father demanded a thousand rupees. Sivaram thought that since there were so many people in the area who had benefited by his father, it should not be difficult for him to raise a loan of the required amount. So he agreed to comply with the demand. The date of the marriage was fixed.

But Sivaram's expectations proved wrong. Nobody was willing to lend him a thousand rupees—not even Nandalal the rich merchant.

Sivaram was sad. He could not come upon any solution. After brooding over the problem for a long time, he decided

to meet the bridegroom's father and tell him everything frankly.

It was evening when Sivaram left his home. Although the night was dark and cloudy, he did not ask anybody to accompany him, for, he wanted to talk to the bridegroom's father confidentially.

He had to pass through a forest full of fearful creatures. He heard jackals howling and owls hooting. He was chilled with fear.

But suddenly he saw someone walking a little ahead of him, with a bag in his hand. He felt happy and called out, "Who is that?"

The stranger stopped. When Sivaram reached him, he said, "I am known as Dikshit. I am going to the next village. What about you?"

"My name is Sivaram. I too am going the next village," said Sivaram and both resumed walking.

"What do you do? Where do you live?" Sivaram asked the stranger.

"I live at the opposite end of the village, under a banian tree. I don't do anything in particular!" replied the stranger.

As they walked, Sivaram told the stranger all about his prob-



lem and grumbled, "My father did so much for others. But when I needed help, it did not come from any quarter!"

"Gratitude is not easily found, my dear man!" commented the stranger and said, "There was a man in your village whose name was Samva. Once he had saved me from a very difficult situation. I always remember him. He was a godly man!"

Before Sivaram could say that Samva was none other than his father, the stranger said again, "Will you hold my bag for a moment? I will return soon!"

Handing over his bag to

Sivaram, the stranger disappeared. Sivaram waited there with patience. But the stranger did not return even when it was dawn.

Surprised, Sivaram walked towards the village. At the opposite end of the village he could see a banyan tree and also a hut under it. An old lady sat before the hut.

"Is this the house of Dikshit? If it is, then please keep this bag. He will perhaps return after some time," said Sivaram.

"Dikshit? He was my father-in-law. But he died twenty-five years ago!" said the surprised old woman.

Sivaram was taken aback. He began to think that the stranger was not a man but a spirit. He opened the bag. There was money in it—three

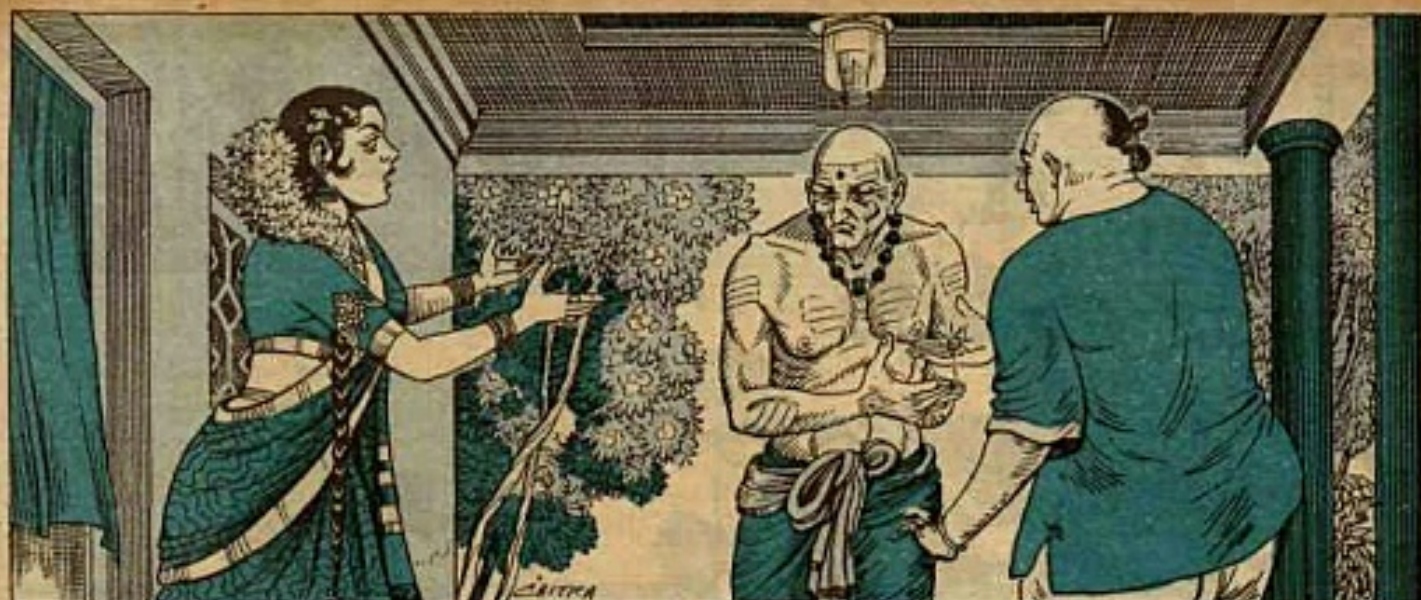
thousand rupees! "Well, grandma, this money is yours!" said Sivaram.

"Never!" protested the old woman, "If it were meant for me, my father-in-law's spirit could very well have given it to me. Whatever be the reason, he meant it for you."

Sivaram remembered the stranger mentioning how grateful he had been to his father. He realised that the grateful spirit had indeed given the money to him. However, he divided the amount and compelled the woman to accept half of it.

Sivaram returned to his village, a happy man. His daughter's marriage was duly performed. People who had refused to help him felt ashamed afterwards.





WHAT CAUSES MISERY?

Long ago, in the prosperous village of Akshaypura, lived a merchant named Dharmapal with his wife, Sulakshana. They had five sons. They were an honest and religious couple.

Every morning Dharmapal made the gift of a gold coin to some needy person. He maintained this practice for years.

Then his eldest son married. The daughter-in-law told Sulakshana, "Mother! Why does father waste a gold coin everyday? Won't a silver coin do?"

At the repeated suggestion of the daughter-in-law Dharmapal changed his practice. He now gave silver coins instead of gold.

A year later the second son was married. The new daughter-in-law grumbled, "It is not wise to give away a silver coin

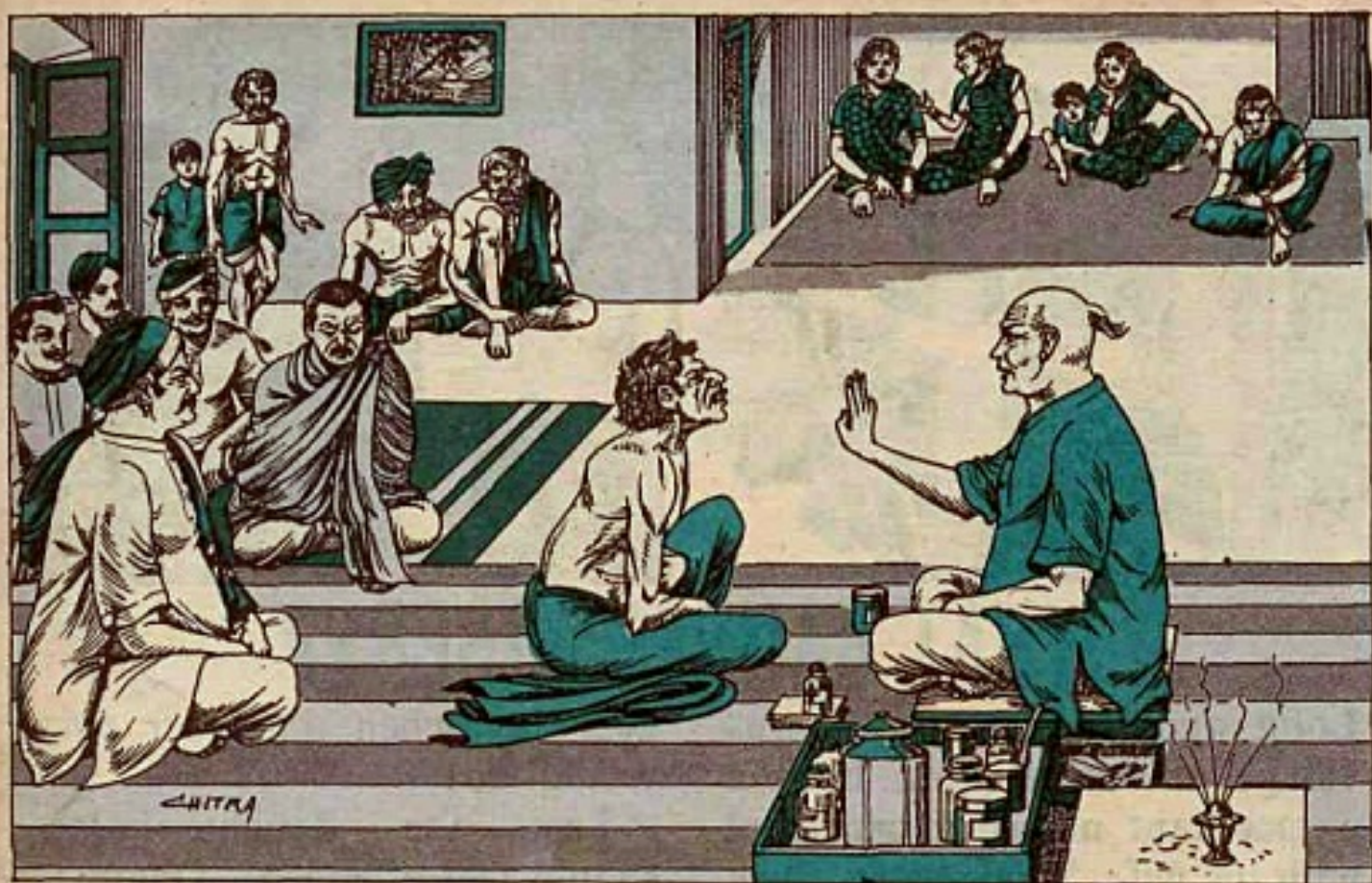
everyday when a copper coin would do!"

Lest the daughter-in-law should feel offended, Dharmapal began to distribute copper coins thenceforth.

Soon thereafter his third son was married. Almost the first thing the third daughter-in-law did was to raise an objection to Dharmapal giving away copper coins. "Father is not aware of the changing situation in the world. It is no good showing to the world that we were rich. If give he must, he should give nothing but lead coins!"

Dharmapal quietly changed over to distributing lead coins.

In the meanwhile his condition had deteriorated. His sons were lazy and his daughters-in-law passed time dressing and gossiping. The money Dharmapal



pal had accumulated was almost exhausted.

Then came the fourth daughter-in-law. She objected to Dharmapal giving any coin at all! "The lead coin, after all, is money. Why giving money to good-for-nothing people? Father-in-law should preserve whatever he has for sake of the future of our children," she said again and again.

Dharmapal, however, continued to distribute coins till the fifth daughter-in-law arrived. When she too began nagging about Dharmapal's practice, the old man felt utterly frustrated. He and his wife, Sulakshana, left the home saying that they

were going on a pilgrimage. As soon as the old couple left, the real condition of the house began to show itself. The sons had no habit of working. In the meanwhile their wives had given birth to children. People of the locality did not trust the idlers and so it was hard for them even to get a loan from anybody. There was chaos in the household.

Dharmapal and his wife walked a long distance and settled down on the bank of the river Saryu, at the brink of a forest. Dharmapal knew Ayurveda, the ancient Indian science of medicine. He found out that the forest abounded

fine is the earth. How can you call this good earth dead?" asked the leader.

"No doubt the earth under the stones is good enough. But there are stones and stones—thousands of them scattered all over the pass. Who can remove them? Better we find out some new place to live," insisted the young men.

"Let us wait. I will pray to our goddess and ask for her decision," said the leader.

Next day, in the evening, the leader called a meeting of all the members of his community and announced, "Last night the goddess commanded me to inform you that she would like us to build an impressive temple for her. Around the temple we should build houses for ourselves."

Such a message from the goddess inspired all. They busied themselves in gathering the scattered stones. The leader made a sketch for the temple providing for a high platform. A large quantity of stones was necessary to complete the construction.

Thereafter the leader asked the people to build their houses around the temple. More stones were collected and put to use.

When the houses too had been built it was seen that no stray stone lay anywhere in the area. Each piece had been used. Soon the earth looked green with grass and vegetables. The difficulties disappeared. Nobody thought of changing over to some other place any more. Satisfied, they worshipped the goddess with devotion.



THE GREAT CHANCE LOST!

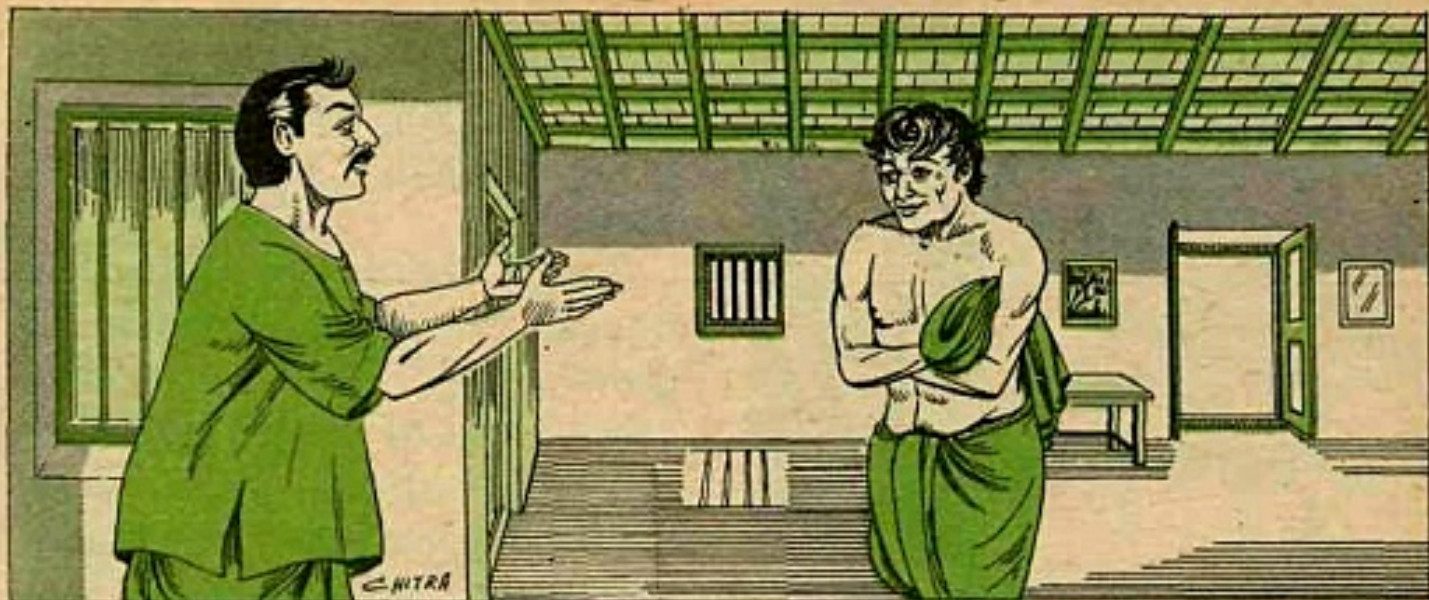
Once, a few centuries ago, a German traveller went to see the city of Amsterdam in Holland. Soon after his arrival, he saw a magnificent palace. With the few Dutch words he had picked up, he asked a passer-by, "Who is the builder of this palace?" The passer-by replied, "Kannit-verstan!"

Soon thereafter a grand bridge, a tall pillar and a beautiful church attracted his attention. In answer to his question "Who made this?" he received the same reply from various persons, "Kannitverstan!"

"Kannitverstan who has built so many things, must be a very great man. I should not miss the opportunity of meeting him," thought the traveller. But before he could arrange to meet the great man, he found a long silent procession following a deadbody. On asking "Who died?" he was told "Kannit-verstan!"

With a heavy heart he returned to Germany, for he narrowly missed meeting such a great man. Till the end he did not know that "Kannitverstan" in Dutch meant "I don't know!"





SUCH IS HUMAN NATURE!

In a certain village lived Nityanand, a poor peasant. He had a piece of land. But that was not big enough to produce sufficient food for his family. He had to often borrow money from others which he could not repay.

One day his wife told him, "It is a shame to remain constantly in debt. We should dispose of our land. We can liquidate our debts with the price we get. I don't mind if we have to starve thereafter!"

Nityanand accepted his wife's suggestion and announced his decision to sell his land. Prospective buyers thought that he must be in dire need of money. So they offered very low price for his land. Some time passed.

In the same village lived Rajan, another peasant. His father had greatly benefited by the friendship and generosity of Nityanand's father. Rajan, naturally, had a deep affection for Nityanand. He bought Nityanand's land at a fair price.

Nityanand soon freed himself from all his debts and worked as a labourer. But Rajan called him and said, "Better you work on the very land you sold me. We will divide the produce between ourselves."

Nityanand was delighted at the proposal. He worked hard on the land.

One day, while tilling the land, his plough struck something hard. He dug the earth and soon found a pair of pots



filled with gold coins and ornaments. Nityanand picked up the pots and proceeded to meet Rajan.

"My friend! These pots were found in your land. Please take charge of them," he said.

Rajan was surprised at Nityanand's honesty and said, "My words would fail to praise you sufficiently for your nobleness. However, this wealth belongs to you, for, you have found it in the land that belonged to you till the other day!"

"How do you say so? Didn't I sell the land to you? The land is now yours. Whatever is found in the land is yours

too. Sorry, but I cannot take away the pots merely because I found them," replied Nityanand.

"Look here, my friend! I bought the land in order to grow crops. I do not own other kinds of wealth hidden in it. God will not be kind to me if I deprive you of the wealth you have discovered," said Rajan forcefully.

They argued for a long time without one convincing the other. At last they went to the village chief. The chief advised them to take a pot each and stop quarrelling. But the advice was not acceptable to the two friends. Each insisted that he had no right to possess even half of the wealth.

At this juncture the chief's younger brother, Ramnath, said, "I can solve the problem if you pay heed to my advice!"

"What is your advice?" asked the two friends.

"You carry home one pot each. The problem would be naturally resolved after a month," said Ramnath. The two friends departed, carrying a pot each. The chief asked his brother, "What sort of solution is this? What are we going to tell them after a month?"

"Do not worry," replied Ramnath, "They will never come to you after a month!"

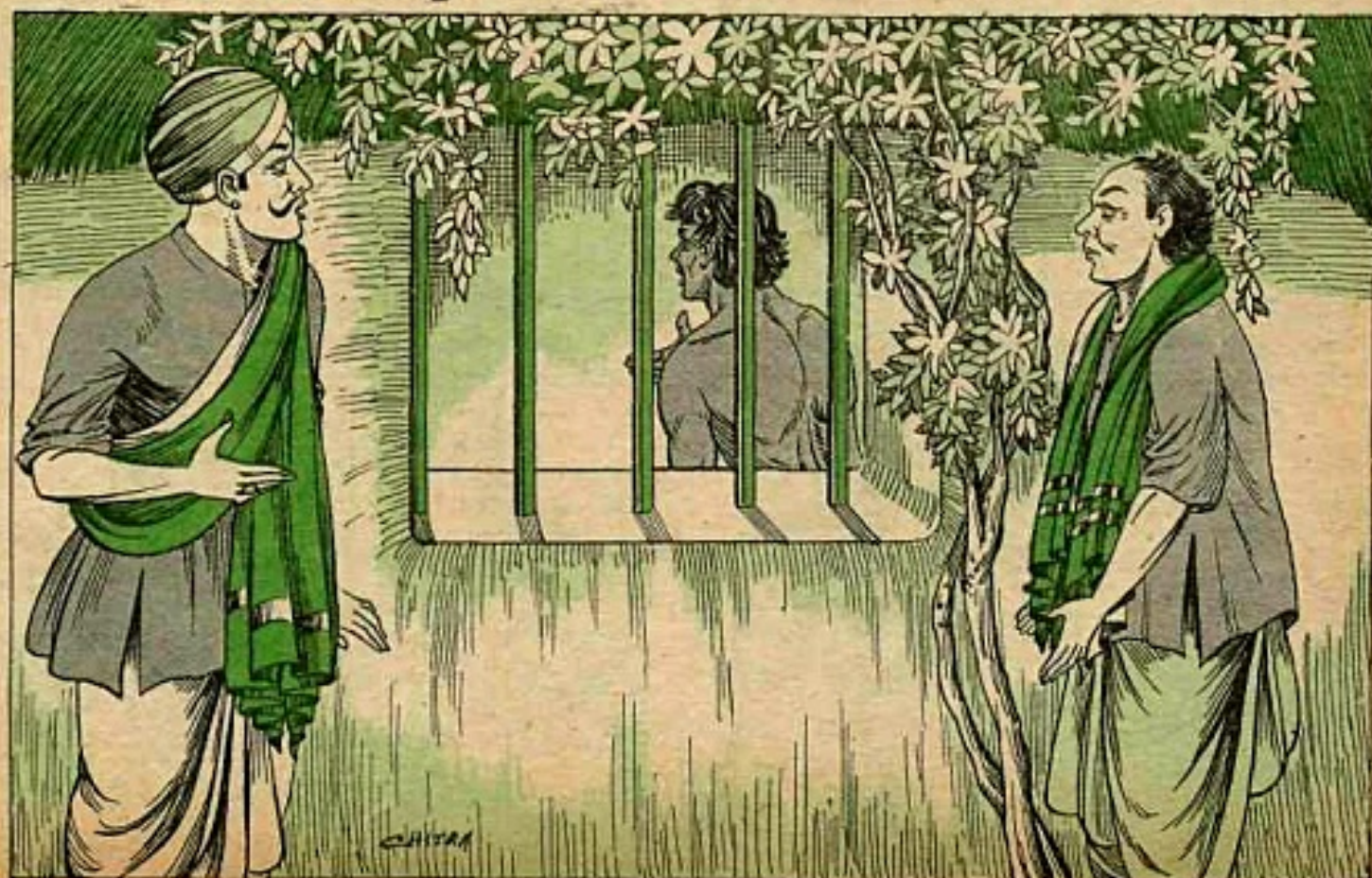
"Why not?" asked the surprised chief.

"Wait and see for yourself!" replied Ramnath.

More than a month passed. One night Ramnath took his elder brother, the chief, with him, and stood outside Nityanand's house. They could hear Nityanand telling someone, "Now I cannot work as hard as I used to. My children are growing up and they need education. I am the legitimate owner of both the pots of wealth. If I would have found them before handing over the

land to Rajan, they would have been entirely mine. Now I cannot claim the other pot. I have to remain content with only one. One pot, however, is enough for me to live comfortably for the rest of my life!"

Ramnath then took his brother to Rajan's house. They stood near his window and listened. Rajan was telling someone, "I made a great blunder by not keeping both the pots to myself. The land, after all, was mine. Whatever was found therein was mine. Had Nityanand buried the wealth? No. Why should he possess half of it then? But now it is





too late. It would be embarrassing for me to request the chief to get me the other pot."

The chief and his brother returned home. The chief said, "You were so true, Ramnath! I am sure, they would not come to us any more. But how did this change occur in them?"

"You see, both Nityanand and Rajan are honest and truth-

ful men. But such is the weakness inherent in human nature that constant sight of wealth makes a man greedy. That is what happened to both of them. I had sent a common friend who could intimately talk to them. He succeeded in making them talk what they really felt now."

The chief smiled.

SPOT THE TEN DIFFERENCES



The Deity who came as a Witness!

Centuries back, in a small village in the Andhra region lived Keshav, a good-natured young man. He had lost his parents when a child. But the villagers loved him very much. His father had left enough property for Keshav to live happily and well.

But was Keshav happy? Not quite. He loved Kumudini, the sweet young daughter of a priest and knew that happiness would be his only if he could marry her.

In those days people went to distant places in batches, for, it was not safe for one to travel alone. Once a number of people of Keshav's village went on a pilgrimage to Brindavan, the ancient town sanctified by the memory of Krishna. The party included Keshav and the priest.

It so happened that while at Brindavan the priest fell seriously ill. He took to bed and needed continuous attention and nursing. But who would care to attend him, sacrificing the joys of seeing places and festivals? But the young

Keshav was good and kind. He ran about calling physicians and buying medicines. At other times he was constantly by the priest's bed-side. But for Keshav's vigilant nursing, the priest would have died.

Even though the priest recovered, he was too weak to walk. Their companions returned to their village leaving the priest and Keshav behind.

The priest slowly regained strength. A week later, one evening, he was able to visit Krishna's temple, supported by Keshav.

Inside the temple, filled with emotion, the priest told Keshav, "My son! I feel profoundly grateful to you. You know, I have a daughter who is coveted by many. But I have decided to make you my son-in-law if you have no objection to the proposal."

"Objection?" uttered Keshav with great excitement, and said, "Sir! I will consider myself the luckiest man in the world if I can marry your daughter."

But once back in their village,

it did not take long for the priest to forget all about his solemn promise. The village landlord, who had lost his wife, had proposed to marry Kumudini and the priest was very eager to see the landlord as his son-in-law, even though the land-lord was almost an old man.

The young hopeful Keshav was furious and frustrated at such an unexpected turn of events. He ran from villager to villager narrating his woe. Some laughed at him and some just made a shrug indicating their helplessness. And others, the leading ones of the village, asked Keshav, "You say that the priest had promised to marry his daughter to you. When we ask the priest, he bluntly denies having made any such promise ever. Now, can you call any witness to support your claim?"

"Witness?" fumbled Keshav, "Well, there were of course several men and women inside the temple when the priest made the promise. But they were all busy with their own works. I don't think any of them cared to give any attention to our talk. But wait..." Keshav's face brightened up as he went on,

"the deity of the temple, Gopalji, must have heard our conversations, for, the Lord, hears everything!"

"In that case, my boy, you have to ask the Lord to come here and speak for you!" said an elderly villager with a chuckle.

The suggestion was, needless to say, made in joke. But Keshav took it most seriously. He proceeded to Brindavan forthwith. On reaching there after several days, he straight



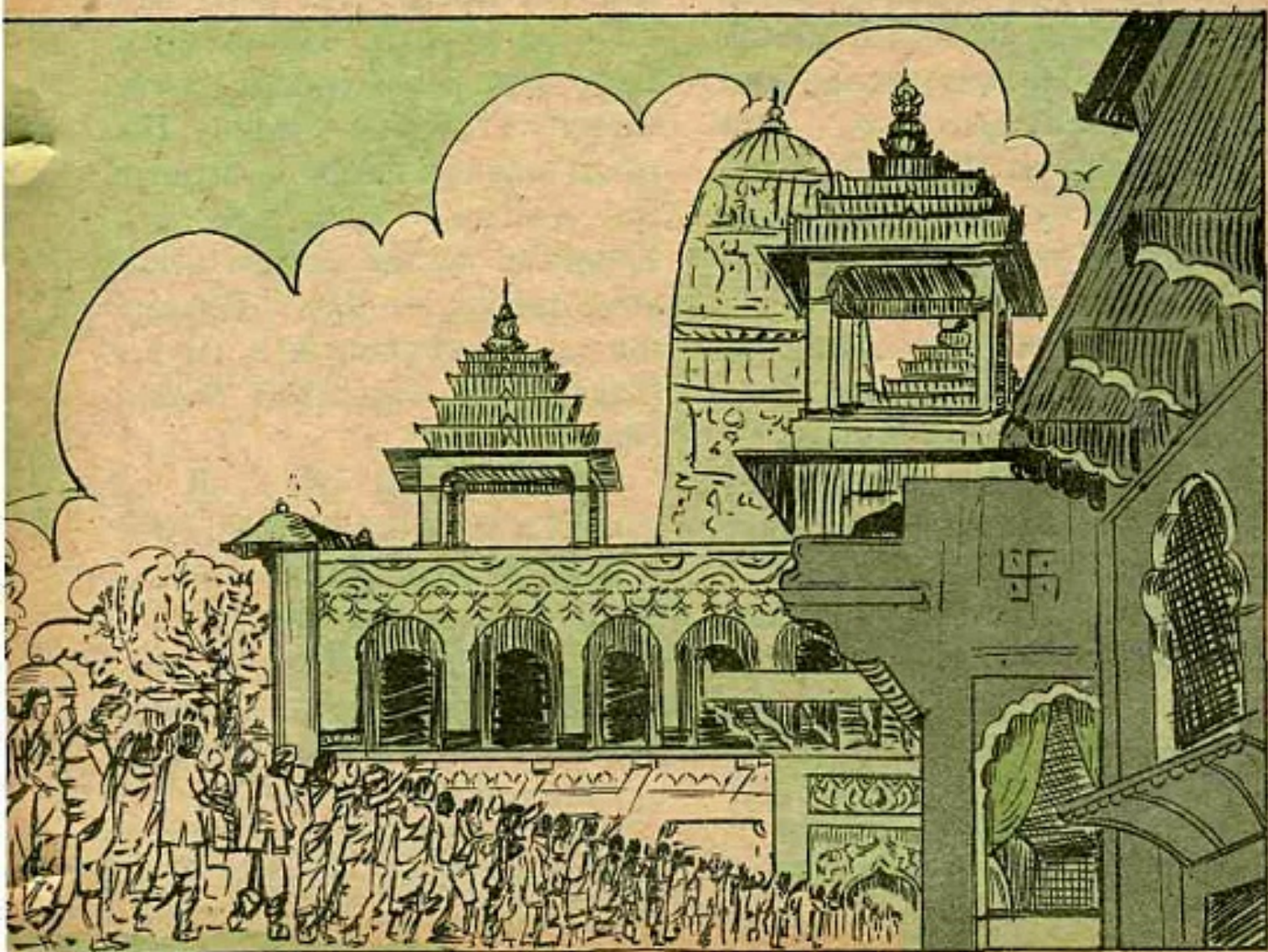
went to the temple and prostrating himself before the deity, cried out his appeal, "Lord! You alone can come to my rescue. Unbearable is my agony due to the treacherous conduct of the priest. I will die a heart-broken man if I cannot marry Kumudini."

Keshav wept and wept keeping his face down on the ground. He fell asleep. In dream he saw a vision of Gopalji and heard the deity telling him, "Return to your

village. I will follow you. But never look back while walking." Keshav asked the deity in dream, "How would I be sure that you were following me if I do not look back?"

"You can hear the tinkling sound of my anklets," replied the deity.

Keshav woke up and began his homeward journey. With thrill and ecstasy he heard the sweet tinkling sound continuously following him for days. It required a great deal of self-





control on his part to refrain from looking back. But he could do it till he reached the outskirts of his village.

It was dawn when he could see his village beyond a stretch of sands. He was excited and he increased his pace. But suddenly, to his shock, the tinkling sound stopped. He forgot the deity's instruction and instantly looked back.

There stood the beautiful deity—but he turned into stone as soon as Keshav looked at him. His anklets had ceased tinkling because sands had crept into the tiny metal cells.

Keshav cried and implored the deity to resume walking. But it was of no avail. At last, leaving the statue there, he ran into his village and

narrated to the villagers all that happened.

The awed and amazed villagers flocked to the spot where the idol stood. The deity had no need to talk. His presence there was proof enough of the veracity of Keshav's claim. The priest was too happy to arrange for Keshav's marriage with Kumidini on the earliest available auspicious day. Because the deity had come as a witness (Sakshi), he was called 'Sakshi Gopal'.

Sakshi Gopal can still be seen at a place not far from Puri. A king of Kalinga, enamoured by the deity, had carried him there and had a temple built for him. Long time has passed. Sakshi Gopal is still worshipped by innumerable people.

Political liberty is good only so far as it produces private liberty.

—Samuel Johnson



Encouraged by Indra's support, Rahu proceeded to drive Anjaneya away from the sun.

Anjaneya, on seeing Rahu, took him to be yet another delicious fruit and advanced to catch him. Rahu was horrified. He hid behind Indra and cried, "Look, sir, how the infant terrible is coming to swallow me up. What should I do?"

"Do not fear!" said Indra as he directed his elephant, Airavata, towards Anjaneya.

Looking at the trumpeting Airavata Anjaneya was delighted. The white, heavenly elephant too was considered by him a gigantic fruit. He at once pounced upon Airavata, at which the terrified elephant tur-

ned back. Indra had no other go than to throw his Vajrayudha—the weapon of thunder—at Anjaneya. At that the infant Anjaneya lost his sense and lay still on the Udayadri hills along the eastern horizon.

Vayu, the God of Wind, became sad and angry to see the condition of Anjaneya. He remained still. The world was deprived of wind.

On returning into her hut Anjana saw her child missing. She desperately searched for him everywhere, but it did not yield any result. She wept.

But Keshari consoled her, saying, "Our son mistook the rising sun as a sweet fruit and proceeded to swallow it. At



that Rahu felt distressed. At Rahu's appeal Indra was obliged to check our son by the help of his thunder weapon. Our son has swooned away. In protest, Vayu has stopped his work. Our son, however, would recover soon."

When the wind stopped blowing, all the gods felt concerned and worried. They went to Brahma and told him everything.

Brahma lost no time in rushing to Vayu. The great God told the God of Wind, "My son, do you realise what would happen to the creation if you became inactive? Please resume your duty."

Vayu was pleased. He went

down to the horizon and lifting up Anjaneya, placed him at Brahma's feet. Brahma blessed the infant. At that he got back his sense.

Vayu was happy. Wind began blowing again.

Brahma then told the assembly of gods, "This infant would bring delight to all the spheres. He is an emanation of Lord Shiva. Let us all bless him."

Bhudevi, the presiding deity of the earth, gave Anjaneya the power to master the Vedas. Varuna, the God of Waters, blessed him so that he would have no danger from water. Yama, the God of Death, exempted him from senility and death. He was also blessed by Kuvera and Viswakarma. Indra named him Hanuman. Hanu means the jaw. The name was justified because Anjaneya's jaws had taken a new shape after he had been attacked by the thunder. However, Indra now blessed him so that he would have no fear from the thunder in future.

Brahma then told Vayu, "This child will achieve great glory. He would be as calm as the mountains. At will he can see the whole universe. But he will be an ascetic, with absolute control over senses. He will

possess unlimited compassion, courage and other virtues."

Brahma and the gods dispersed. Vayu carried Anjaneya with him and left him with Anjana. Anjana's joys knew no bound.

Gods and seers all discussed about the miracle-boy who had tried to swallow up the sun into whose aura nobody could ever step!

Keshari was very happy to learn that his son had been blessed by all the gods.

As Hanuman grew up, he proved a problem child, for, he was always restless. His anxious parents advised and warned him to behave! But Hanuman, for a while, appeared almost uncontrollable.

Brahmins became worried to see Hanuman behaving whimsically. They knew that he was immune from any curse by the boons he had received from the gods. But he had great powers. If he used them in a wrong fashion, the world would be in danger!

Fortunately, nobody had to worry on this account for long. Hanuman soon began to behave. He grew calm and wise. All were happy.

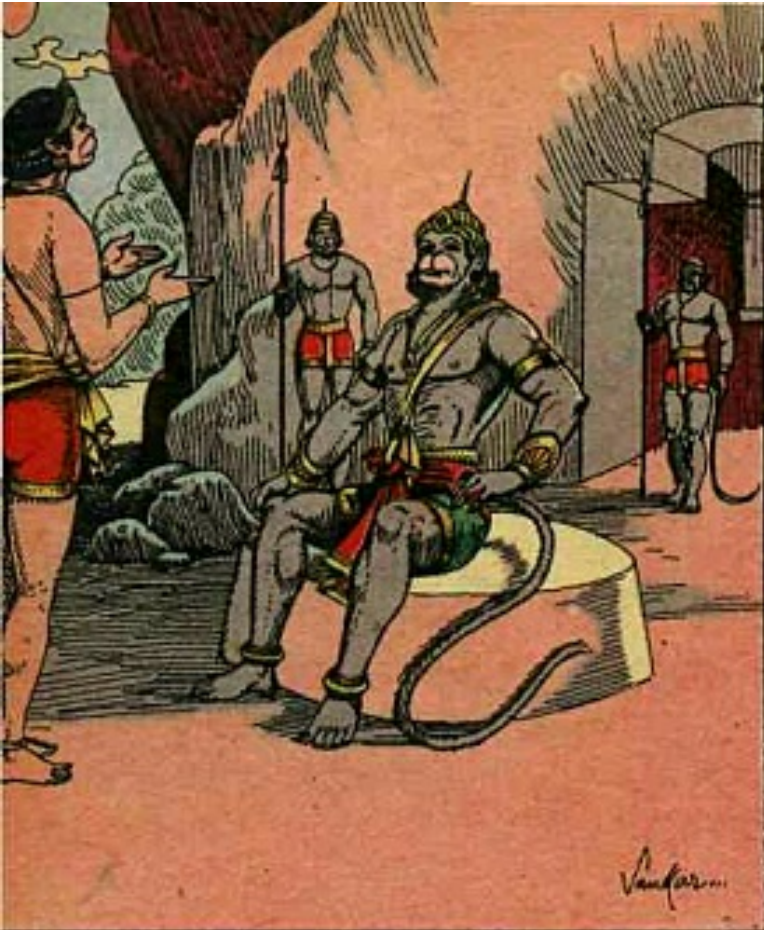
Time passed. One day Anjana



told Hanuman, "Son! At Kiskindhya live two brothers named Vali and Sugriva. They are your uncles. I want you to go to Kiskindhya and live under Sugriva's care. But remember, if ever the two brothers quarrel, you must not kill Vali on behalf of Sugriva."

Hanuman bowed to his mother and left for Kiskindhya. He was warmly received by Vali and Sugriva. He became a minister to Sugriva.

Soon Hanuman felt an urge to master the knowledge of the Vedas. One day, before dawn, he flew into the eastern horizon and prostrated himself to the rising sun. The sun was pleased.



scene for the gods," said the sun.

Hanuman circled round the sun with folded hands and began to enlarge himself, his head soon growing beyond the stars. Even Brahma was amazed to see him, what to speak of the other gods!

Immensely pleased, the sun told Hanuman, "My son, you are born with the attributes of Shiva. What can I teach you?"

But Hanuman replied with humility, "O great one! You are the origin of all knowledge. I will not rest unless I have the privilege to learn from you."

Hanuman resumed his normal shape. Thereafter he followed the sun, taking mighty strides to keep pace with the speeding god, and received from him not only the knowledge of the scriptures, but also of all the great arts.

When his education was complete, Hanuman gratefully prostrated himself to the sun and returned to Kiskindhya. Sugriva was very much happy at this scholastic achievement of his nephew and counsellor.

Vali and Sugriva were deeply fond of each other. After their father's death, Vali had succeeded him to the throne while

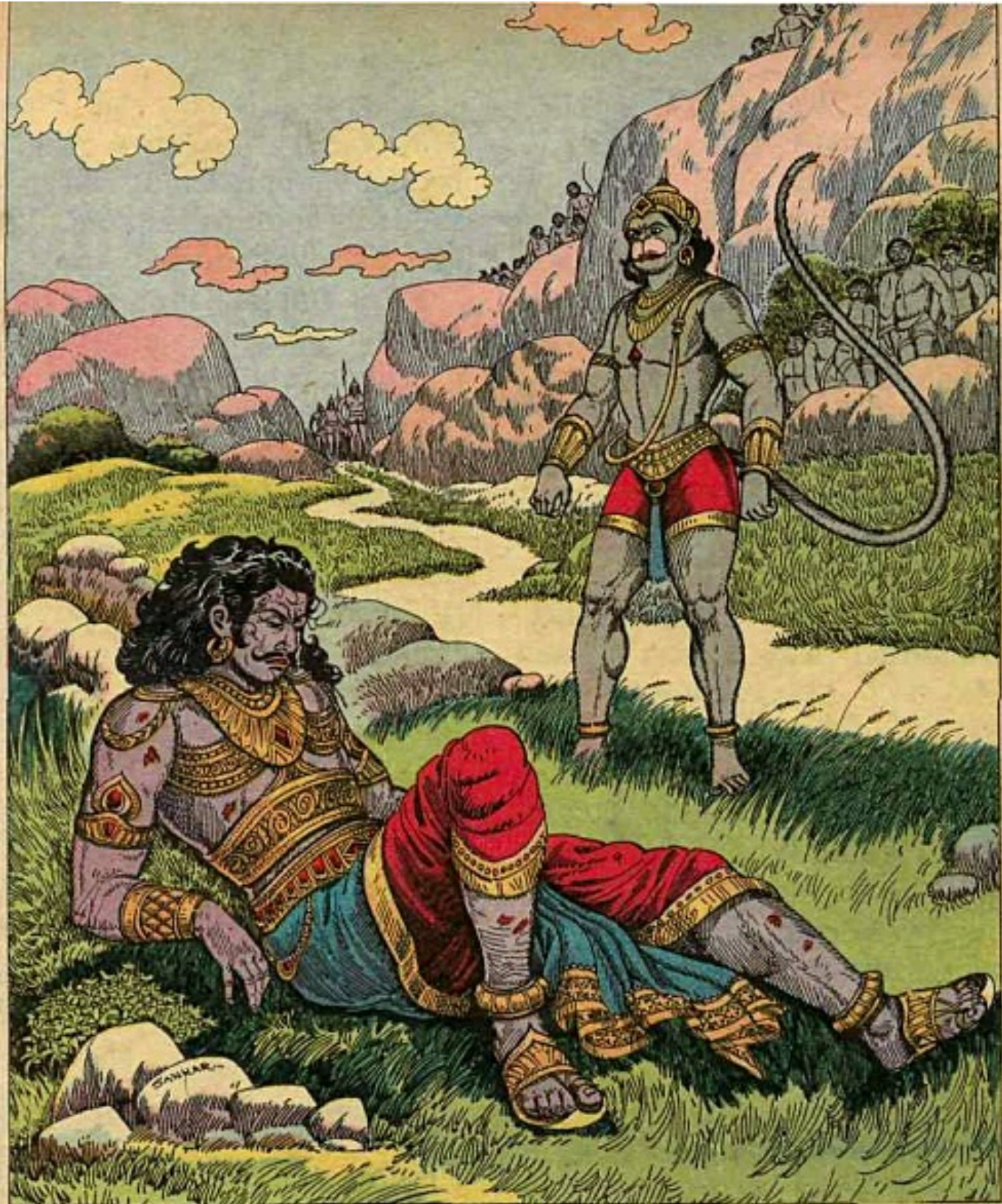
"What is your desire?" the sun asked Hanuman.

"O luminous one! I desire the knowledge of the Vedas and other great scriptures," replied Hanuman.

"Well, the problem is, I am constantly on the move. How can I impart knowledge to you?" said the sun.

"O great one! I will put one leg on the eastern horizon and the other one on the western horizon and remain leaning towards you even while you are in motion," said Hanuman.

"Great is your capacity, my son! There is none to be compared to you. Do stand up as you said. It will be a magnificent



Sugriva had been declared the heir to the throne.

Great was Vali's valour. None could defeat him. Ravana, who had vanquished many a king, one day challenged Vali to a combat. Vali humbled him

duly and since then Ravana looked upon him as a friend.

Soon after this episode, a demon named Dundhuvu challenged the mountain Himavan to a combat. Himavan told him, "I am not your equal. The one worthy of your challenge

is Vali. Why don't you try your strength with him?"

Accordingly Dundhuvi approached Vali and challenged him to a trial of strength. Vali came out and in no time killed Dundhuvi and hurled his deadbody away. Unfortunately, the deadbody fell on the Mount Rushyamuk, where a great sage, Matanga, sat immersed in meditation. The angry sage uttered a curse: Vali would die if he ever dared to come to Rushyamuk. Dundhuvi had a son named Mayavi. Mayavi now turned Vali's arch-enemy. One night Mayavi appeared at Kiskindhya and challenged Vali to a combat. Seeing Vali preparing to face the challenge, his wife and Sugriva urged upon him to wait. But Vali paid no heed to their advice.

Sugriva followed Vali. When Mayavi saw the two mighty brothers approaching him, he suddenly took to his heels. Vali and Sugriva pursued him.

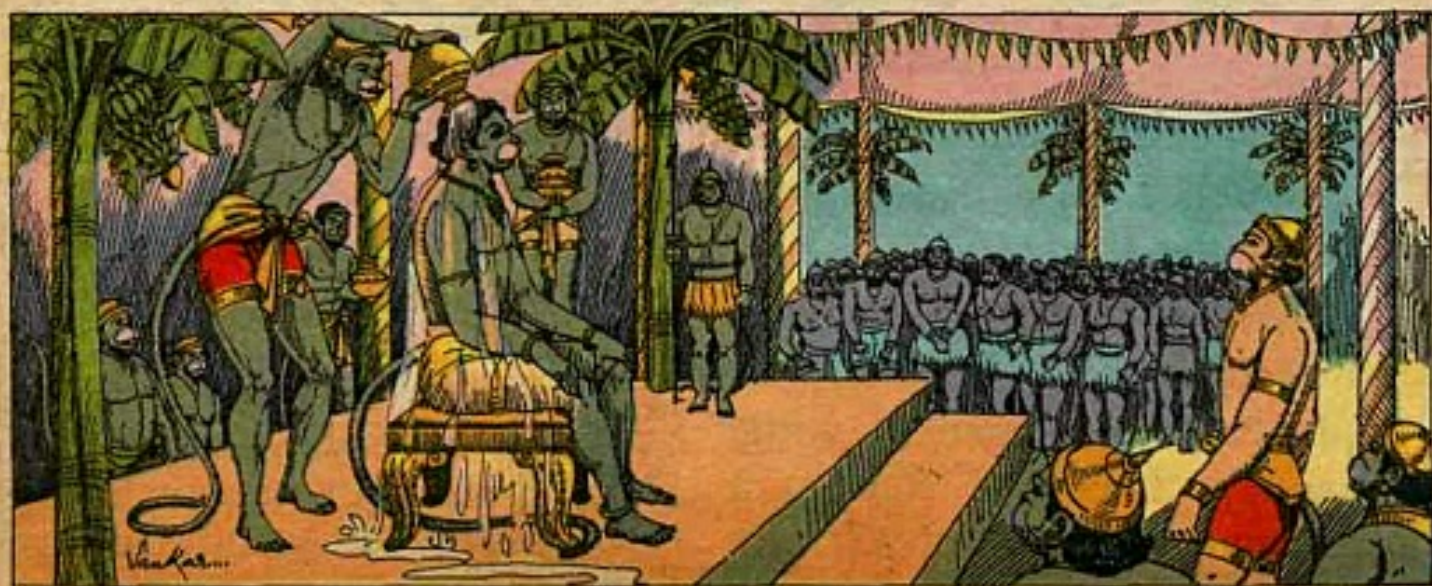
After running for some time, Mayavi entered a tunnel inside a mountain.

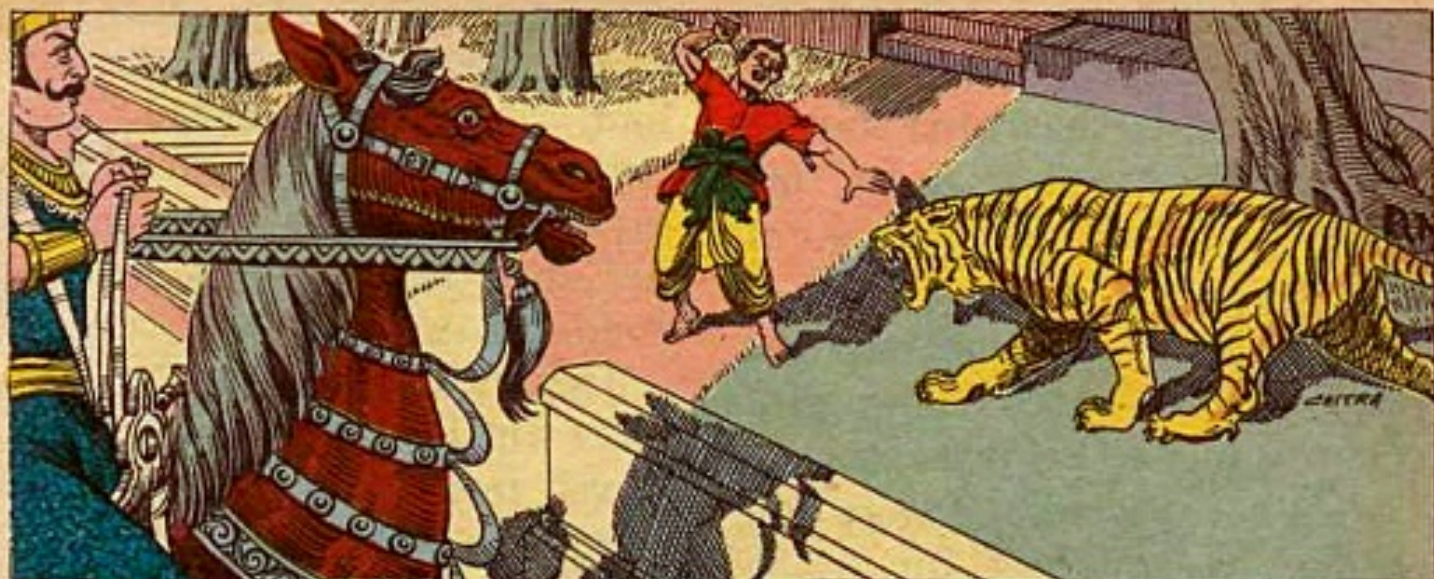
"Be here till I come out after killing Mayavi," Vali told Sugriva and entered the tunnel.

A long time passed. Vali did not come out. Then a stream of blood flowed out of the tunnel. That was followed by a wild laughter which sounded like a demon's. Sugriva thought that Vali had been killed.

He was extremely sad. He placed a big stone on the mouth of the tunnel and returned to Kiskindhya. Since he was the heir to the throne, he was now crowned the king.

Contd.





LOVE FOR BEASTS

There was a king who loved animals very much. He did not allow anybody to punish any animal, not even the violent beasts.

One day while the king was galloping along the streets of his city, he found a man beating a tiger with a club. The king became very angry. He shouted at the man, "Stop torturing the dumb creature you brute!"

"My lord! This is a pet of mine. It never did anything without my knowledge till today. But today it killed one of my goats and devoured it hiding from my eyes. It deserves this punishment," explained the man.

"But it is against my order to beat a dumb creature!" said the king and sent the man to prison.

While being led to the prison, the man appealed to the king, "Kindly take due care of my pet!"

The king had several tigers in his own zoo. He sent the prisoner's pet to the zoo and instructed the attendants to treat it as carefully as they treated the other tigers.

A few days passed. One day the king paid a visit to his zoo. Looking into the tiger's cage, he found one of them extremely emaciated and pale. "Why is the condition of this one so bad? Is it sick? Is it not getting proper attention?" enquired the king of the attendants.

"This is a new entrant to our zoo. Since its arrival here, it has hardly touched any food. But it is not sick," informed the attendants.

"Where from did it come?" queried the king.

"Its master has been sent to the prison by your order, my lord," replied the keeper of the zoo.

The king remembered the case. He at once summoned the prisoner to his presence.

"What special stuff were you giving to your pet for food? Why does it not touch the meat served to it?" asked the king.

"My lord, I was giving nothing special to my pet," replied the prisoner.

"Then I don't understand why it is not eating anything in our zoo," said the king pensively.

The prisoner looked sad. "Can I see my pet once?" he asked imploringly.

The prisoner was led to the cage. As soon as his pet saw him, it looked bright and coming near him, began to lick his hands and feet. The prisoner shed tears looking at the condition of the tiger.

The attendants brought some meat which the prisoner himself served to his pet. The pet ate them with great relish.

The king who witnessed the scene now realised his mistake. He understood that even though the man had beaten up his pet, he had done so with the intention of keeping the beast under control. There was no violence in his beating. The pet did not remember the beating. It only remembered his master's love.

It was a lesson to the king. He embraced the man and appointed him the chief officer of the zoo.





THE WAY TO LUCK

A landlord had four daughters. The first three daughters were married to three young men who had agreed to come and settle down in the landlord's palace.

When the youngest daughter came of age and her father looked for a bridegroom, she came out with a stunning announcement: she would marry none but Ramu the young servant of the household. Her parents tried their best to change her mind, but failed.

The girl married Ramu. But the landlord told Ramu, "If you stay in my house like my other sons-in-law, they might take it as an insult to them. How can anyone forget that you were a mere servant? However, you can come back and live with your wife here when you have earned some money."

Ramu left his master's house.

He hoped for finding some way of earning a livelihood. He could hardly think of earning enough money to return and live as an equal to the landlord's other sons-in-law.

Ramu walked on. At hot noon he entered a meadow skirting a small town. He saw there a number of cows grazing. A solitary old man sat under a tree, preparing to eat his lunch.

Just then a cow gave out sharp lows and the old man was obliged to go to attend her, for, she was giving birth to her calf.

As soon as the old man moved away, some stray dogs and half a dozen crows came rushing towards the food he left under the tree. But Ramu guarded the food and did not allow the dogs and crows to come near it.



The old man returned after an hour and said, "My son! You have done me a good service. But for you I would have starved. Tell me now, who are you? Where were you going?"

"I am an illiterate poor boy, going in search of livelihood," said Ramu.

The old man shared his food with Ramu and told him his own story:

He had a large herd of cows. But he was alone in the world. Beforehand he had a couple of servants to look after the herd. But they stole the cows. So the old man had dismissed

them and was looking after the cows himself.

"Well, I will be happy to serve you and your cows. You may pay me whatever you deem fit," proposed Ramu.

The old man agreed to the proposal. Ramu not only took charge of the cows, but also he milked them and went to the town to sell the milk. He did everything with honesty and sincerity.

A month passed. The old man grew extremely affectionate of Ramu. One day he said, "My son! I am thinking of finding out a bride for you."

"Please do not take the botheration, my master! I am already married. When I have been able to earn some money, I will return to my wife," replied Ramu.

Ramu then narrated the story of his marriage. The old man said, "In that case, my boy, you should look for some other job where you can get a handsome salary!"

Ramu smiled and answered, "Sir! I do not consider myself fit for any other kind of work. If it is in my luck, I will get money somehow or the other. Otherwise I should be satisfied with my present condition. It is

you who fed me after I left the landlord's house. I deem it my duty to serve you."

The old man kept quiet.

Days passed. One day the old man told Ramu, "We must raise a new shade for the cows. Tonight you should dig holes at places I have marked. Tomorrow we will plant poles and then put up a thatch."

At night, after the old man went to bed, Ramu began to dig. Soon he found two buried jars full of gold coins. He pulled them out carefully and carried them into his master's room.

In the morning he showed his find to the old man.

"Ramu! You once said that if it were in your luck, you would get money somehow or the other. Now that you have got it, you would perhaps like to return to your wife, won't

you?" asked the old man, smiling. It was he who had buried the jars.

"But this is your money, not mine," said Ramu.

"My son! I must tell you that you are the heir to all I have. You can go back to the landlord's family with this money. You will now be given the same status which his other sons-in-law enjoy," said the old man.

"Father! If this is my house, why should I go to live in the landlord's family? I better bring my wife here!" proposed Ramu.

"Excellent!" cheered the old man.

Ramu bought a set of new dress for himself and a pair of sarees for his wife and proceeded to the landlord's house. Confident and cheerful, he soon led his wife to his new house.





Two Palmists

In a certain village lived Bhadrasen, a well-known palmist. Many people came to consult him about their future. Everybody was impressed by his palm-reading and his predictions.

Since Bhadrasen had become quite famous, no other palmist dared to visit his village. If by chance a travelling palmist appeared in the village, Bhadrasen challenged him to a contest of knowledge and humiliated him before the villagers.

Once it so happened that a palmist named Ramshastri strayed into the village unwillingly. Bhadrasen, as usual, challenged him, "How many books of palmistry have you studied and

for how many years and under which masters? Where do you live?"

"I can easily answer your questions, but that will not prove my merit. One might study a lot and still remain a blockhead. So far as your second question is concerned, I live wherever I can earn a living," replied Ramshastri humbly.

"But be sure that you can't earn a living in this village as long as I am here. We do not care to patronise an unqualified, loafing palmist like you," shouted Bhadrasen.

Ramshastri became very angry at Bhadrasen's words. He decided to teach him a lesson

before leaving the village.

But without showing any sign of anger, he said, "Gentleman! Everybody has some virtue in him and everybody has to earn his livelihood. I do not understand why you should be so very rough towards me. I do not claim to be a greater palmist than you. But in any case, our merits can only be judged by others, not by ourselves!"

"That is right. Ramshastri should not be thrown out of our village merely because Bhadrasen does not like him. Let both read the palm of somebody and let us see who can read accurately," said the villagers.

Just then the landlord of the next village was passing by. Some villagers went to him and said, "Sir! We propose a contest between two palmists. It will be very kind of you if you show your palm to them."

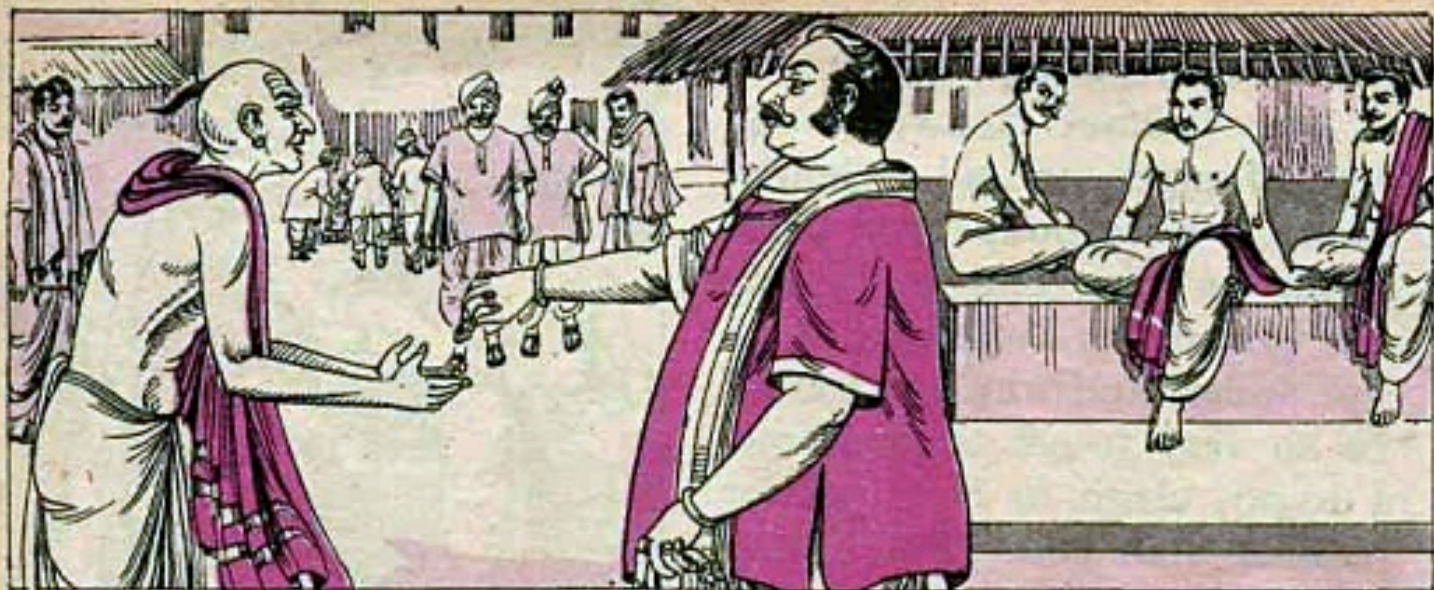
The landlord had no objection to this. First Bhadrasen studied his palm and said, "Since here is a trial of knowledge, I must speak the truth. You are no doubt very rich, but you are mean and miserly. You are a slave to your wife's whims!"



"What nonsense!" yelled the landlord, "You know nothing of palmistry. You desire to startle people by insulting me, eh!"

Ramshastri immediately stepped forward and said, "Have patience, sir, Bhadrasen cannot be blamed if what he says is really written on your palm. Now let me see it."

The landlord stretched his palm before Ramshastri. Ramshastri looked at it for a while and exclaimed, "What a hand! It is hard to come across a palm like this in a million! Your generosity, sir, has no comparison. And what an obedient



and dutiful wife you have! On that score you deserve to be envied even by gods!"

"That is right!" said the landlord, smiling, "Every word of yours is true!"

Ramshastri had his eyes still fixed on the landlord's palm. He said, "I can even disclose what is in your mind just now. You are so kind that you are now thinking of making a gift of your ring to me!"

At this the landlord looked pale, for it was a very costly ring.

Ramshastri asked him, "What is the matter, sir? Did I say anything wrong?"

The landlord smiled and

replied, "I had been taken aback at the absolute accuracy of your statement. You are a great palmist, sir!"

The landlord removed the ring from his finger and placed it on Ramshastri's palm and left the place. The people were full of Ramshastri's praise. Bhadrassen sat glum, his head hung in shame.

But before leaving the village Ramshastri told the villagers, "Your Bhadrassen is really a good palmist. Unfortunately, he was arrogant and proud. So I decided to humble him. His other defect is, he does not know what to say in public and what to say in private."

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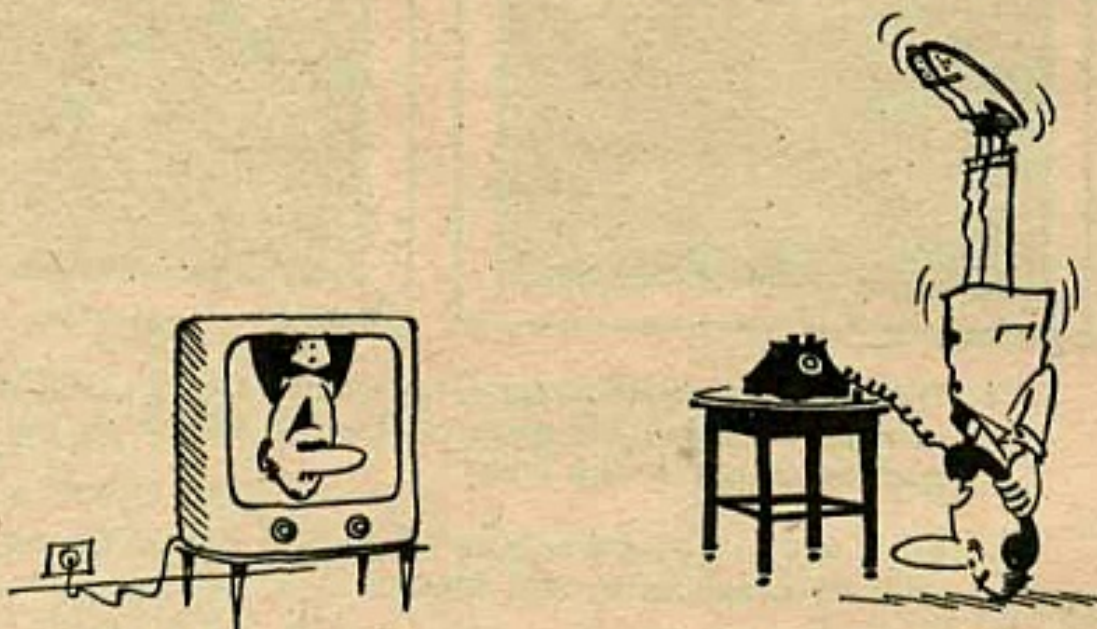
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FUN WITH FIDDY



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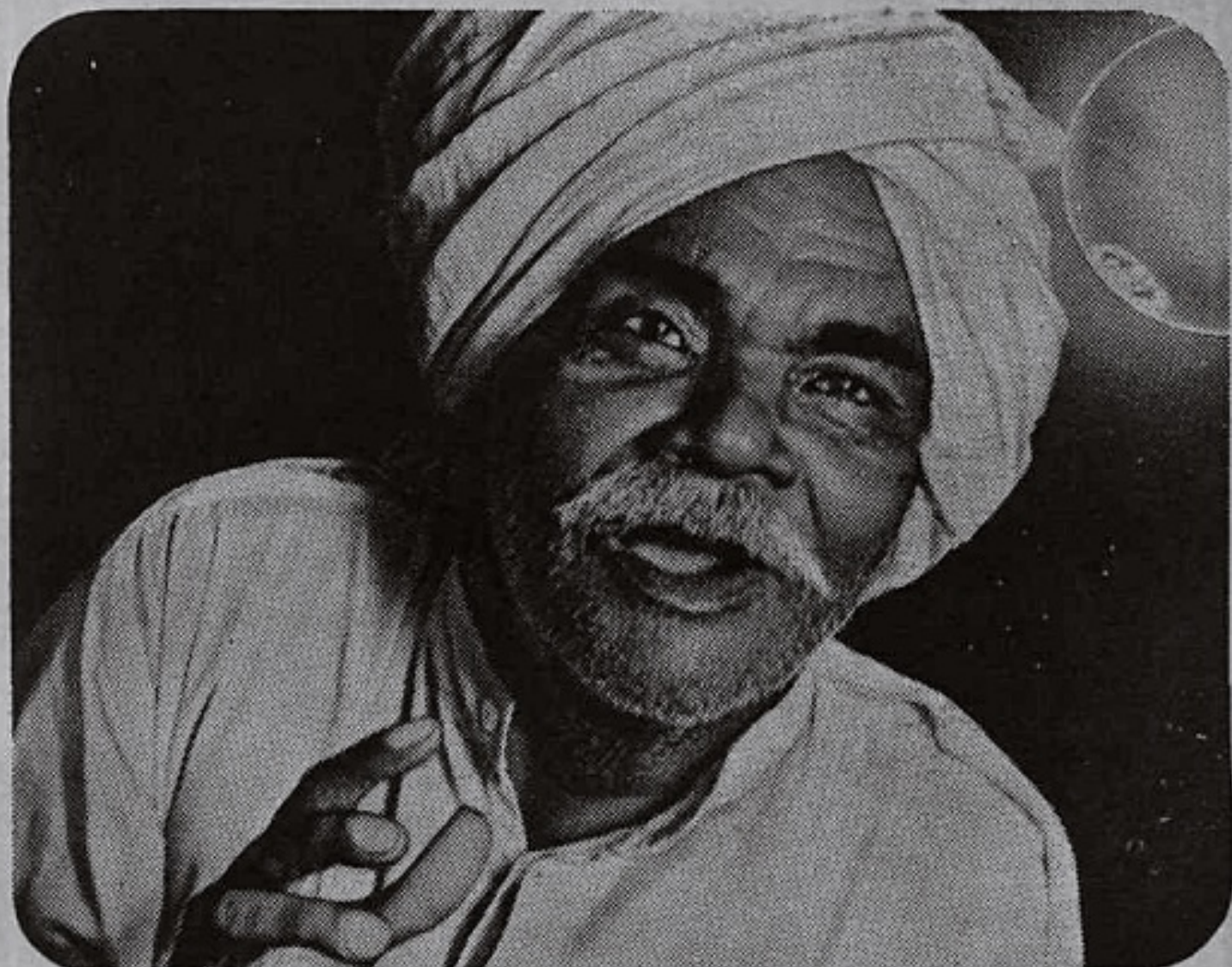


"I'd be grateful if you would come and repair it immediately!"



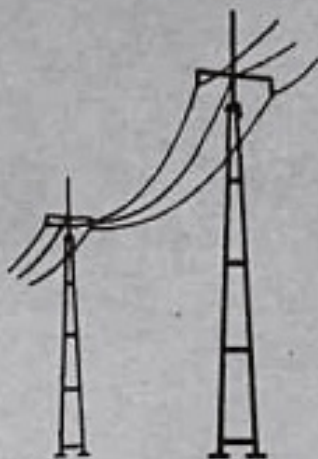
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